

Second Student

Certainly this agrees more
with what
my master teaches.

[They go out.]

Sanyasi

These birds are word-
peckers. When
they pick up some wriggling
nonsense,
which 'can fill their mouth,
they are
happy.

(Enter Two FLOWER-GIRLS',
singing.)

Song

The weary hours pass by.

The flowers that blossom in
the light
Fade and drop in the shadow.

I thought I would weave a
garland
In the cool of the morning for
my love.

But the morning wears on,
The flowers are not gathered^
And my love is lost. T